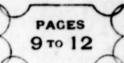


THE ANACONDA STANDARD.



ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1892.

THE BLUEBIRD.

Brave bluebird on the apple bough, Plumed in a coat cut from the sky. The myrmidons of winter now Before thy matchless music fly.

Thy liquid notes' sweet flute-like spell Transfigures every twig and tree, For thou hast happy tales to tell Of lands washed by some Southern sea.

Lost Edens centuries ago
Once listened to this magic voice.
O. what were March without its flow?
Or spring, if thou didst not rejoice?

The south wind leaves its summer sky, And flowers to love and nature dear, Rise up to greet the passer-by, When once 'tis told that thou art here.

For thee no page of sad regret,
No sorrows come. Joy fills thy scope.
With heart upon new summers set,
Thou singest the undying song of Hope.
—Joel Benton,

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

O, the good time is a-comin'—you must hope to see it start— When the sermon and doxology won't be so far apart: An' the man with the collection won't strike one piece o' tin.

An' they'll get a man to glory without whippin' of him in!

It will be with us—some day.
For we kinder hear it hummin';
But it's mighty far away
An' its mighty long a-comin'!

O, the good time is a comin'—you must meet it,
if you can—
When the office with a lantern will go looking
for the man:
And the man. when caught, and taken by a
whirwind of surprise,
Will not see his friends forsaken, and resign be-

It will be with us—some day.
For we kinder bear it hummin';
But it's mighty far away
And it's mighty long a-comin':

For Sunday Reading.

INTERESTING STORIES TOLD OF EVENTS CONCERNING LIFE IN THE WEST.

OZEMAN, March 18.—I see in recent papers that Paul McCogmick has in training a team of which he intends to drive in Chicago dur-ing the world's fair. Paul's wiry figure encased in beaded buckskin, and his snowy locks surmounted by a cow-boy hat will make a striking picture behind his wild and graceful four-in-hand, suggestive of the breezy plains and forest glades in which the intrepid Indian trader has passed most of his life.

passed most of his life.

Speaking of his hair, the story he tells of the scare which turned it from raven black to silver in one night will be recalled by all old-timers. In 1873 Major Pease, now of Livingston, conceived the idea of establishing a trading post somewhere in the midst of the terra incognita, then gen-erally known as the "Yellowstone coun-He selected a number of old and experienced frontiersmen, among whom was McCormick, and outfitted them with provisions and trading supplies. The party entered upon their perilous under-taking in the spring of the following year, a part proceeding overland on horse back, the rest in open boats down the unknown shoals and rapids of the Yellow-stone to a point known as "Pease bottom," They landed and consolidated their forces, and in a short time erected com-fortable log buildings which they enclosed within a high stockade. When discovere by the Indians they were strongly fortified and prepared for war. It was their intention to endeavor to treat with the hos tiles into whose country they had pene trated unbidden, but the Indians from the

first were unconpromising.

For many weeks the inmates of the lit tle garrison were in a state of siege. The point chosen fer the post was a long dis-tance from the bluffs, but it was soon found that the Indians were in possession of a few long range guns, by means of which they could occasionally send a shot from the high points into the interior of the corral. In this way one or two of the men were killed or wounded. The supply of meat at length failed and McCormick and one, Edwards, volunteered to make the attempt to kill some antelope which were seen in the foot hills to the north, a mile or so distant. They set out on their horses and reached the mouth of the coulee opening upon the river botton since known as "Edward's gulen." And they were preparing to dismount the purpose of stalking the antelope, when suddenly the very earth seemed to cast forth a borde of painted whooping savages They had entered the midst of a cleverly contrived ambush. The unmounted Indians leaped almost upon them, opening fire at close quarters. McCormick's horse was wounded and became nearly unmar ageable, while his heart stood still as he ard the terrible exclamation of poor Edwards, "My God, I'm shot," white his borse was plunging around in a circle, the wounded man swaying in the saddle until at last he fell dead among the sage.

* * * McCormick finally succeeded in controling his horse, though several of the Indians bad nearly caught the bridle rein, and started on a mad ride for the fort, closely pursued by mounted warriors. When close to the stockade his horse fell dead beneath him, but a callie from the gates enabled bim to reach safety. The next morning his bair, which had never shown a streak of gray, was white as the

It seems that it has not been the intention of the government to abandon Fort Missoula, but that Custer will probably be evacuated. To this there can be little objection on the part of Montana people. Fort Custer is nearly 30 miles distant from the railroad, upon the summit of a naked bluff, and except for a few scattered Indian farms, overlooks a dreary solitude. It has always been an expensive post to maintain, being distant from all sources of supply, and since the removal of the Sioux and the allotment of lands in severalty to the Crows, there seems little need of supporting a military force so far from railway lines and settlements.

Sioux country is well covered by the Wyoming and Dakota posts, and Fort Keogh is near enough to restrain the Crows in the very remote possibility of an outbreak among that now thoroughly subdued nation. The officers of the army who have been banished to the deserts of the Big Horn for so many years will offer no regrets should the walls of Fort Custer be leveled to the earth never to be re-built. A. H. H.

UP THE FURROW.

HE half-breed and I had been away from camp for several hours, leaving only Sam, the colored man there, and were returning by the mountain trail. The last bend on this trail was 70 or 80 rods to the west of our camp, and 200 feet above it, and we instinctively

paused for a look. There was the two tents, the horses and mules picketed beyond, a smoldering camp-fire, the negro lying on the broad of

his back with his head toward us. It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon of a summer's day. Sam was apparently dozing, for it seemed an effort for him to raise a hand to brush away the flies which persisted in

settling on his face. We were about to go on, when Joe suddenly caught his breath and grasped my arm and pointed to a spot about half way between the base of the bluff and the camp. There was a sort of natural drain or furrow running along the earth, deepening in our direction, and here and there was a bunch of weeds to prove a little dampness, says M. Quad in the Chicago Tribune. The grass was greener, too, but not high enough to shelter a rabbit.

It was half a minute before I could make out the cause of Joe's alarm. Then my eyes rested on a full-grown mountain lion working his way up that furrow. He had already accomplished half the distance. and just at that moment lifted himself almost erect to take a peep at the negro.
"Let us cry out and warn him," I whis-

"It is too late!" replied Joe. "Should be even get-up the beast would be upon him in a flash!"

"Then shoot!"

"It is too far!" You have seen a hunter stalking game, but here was a flerce and hungry wild beast stalking a defenseless man. The scene was as plain before us as if the distance was only a stone's throw. After the first few words we were silent. After the first move to use our rifles we simply waited. We certainly intended to do something, but-wait! See!

It was a sight ever to be remembered to It was a sight ever to be remembered to watch that lion making his way up the furrow. He advanced foot by foot. He flattened out until you would have thought him a skin spread out to be cured, and he dragged himself along the earth. You knew he moved, but you saw no motion except that of his tail. Moving ahead or lying quiet the tail switched back and forth with scarcely a second's interval. About every minute one of the negro's hands was lazily raised and waved across his face. When this happened the lion, who could plainly see the black paw sweep the air, settled down as if to spring. In the intervals he crept forward.

the air, settled down as it to spring. In the intervals he crept forward. We stood there like men of stone and saw the distance decreased foot by foot. The lion had yet a hundred feet to creep The lion had yet a feeding a least 300 feet when my mustang, feeding a least 306 feet from the other edge of the camp, raised his head and snuffed the air. The scent of the lion had come down to him. He must have seen us, as we stood out in plain view, but he did not whinny, as both of us feared he would. Half a minute later Joe's pony got the scent and started off at a fast walk. The lion remained as quiet as if dead for a full minute, wait-ing to see if the movement of the horse as quiet as if dead for a full minute, waiting to see if the movement of the horse would arouse the man. It did not. Sam had grown more drowsy and his hand was raised at long intervals. Now the tufted tail waves to and fro again, and now the distance is again decreased. Foot by foot, foot by foot, and I have forgotten everything else on earth in watching the progress. Now it is sixty—now fifty—now forty—now the lion has settled down for a leap which will land him on the body of the sleeping man, when I hear the crack of a rifle, see the beast rear up and fall backward and struggle, and I sit down with shaking knees and palpitating heart. It was Joe who fired the shot from his old-fashioned, long-barreled rifle. He had only the faintest hope, but it was a dead shot, the bullet entering the, back of the head.

The beast died hard. His limbs were

The beast died hard. His limbs were yet twitching as we reached the spot. Never had hunter in the west seen a larger ion. He had the strength to pull down a buffalo bull. The negro? We found him sound asleep, of course.

THE GOLCONDA MINE.

F MR. WHITE of Boston is alive and this article meets his eye, I trust he will at once forward me a check for \$25,000. It would be well to send a certified check, and if he wants to add the interest on \$25,000 for 30 years, I shall take it as a still further evidence of Mayflower ish integrity. The interest ought to be figured at 10 per cent., but I would accept 6 and send him a receipt in full. If Mr. White is dead and his widow wants me to keep his memory green in my heart, she can do as I hope he would if alive.

It was 30 years ago last month that I first shook hands with Mr. White, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. It was in Virginia City, Mont. He was in shattered health. I'm quite sure it was shattered. because he had to dilute Montana whiskey 250 per cent, before he could swallow it and even then he feared a case of lockjaw. He had left Boston on the advice of a doctor, and he had fetched up in Virginia City to see if he couldn't cough up a penny he had accidentally swallowed while gazing at the top of Bunker Hill monument. If a man had anything in him Virginia City would bring it out in the haleyon days, and it was very proper for

him to expect relief. I don't remember which of the four of us who were equal owners in the "Great Golconda" silver mine first discovered Mr. White and ascertained that he was a tenderfoot of the most pronounced type. We

never quarreled over the honor attached to the discovery. The "Golconda" had busted us. We had put in \$4 for every \$1 taken out. We wanted to go home and work on a farm at \$13 per month and found. We wanted to do anything except bang on to that claim. We were hanging on to get an offer of \$50 or less when Mr. White appeared on the scene. It seemed like the hand of Providence. He began to talk of mining matters, and we began to bless the Mayflower for bringing his great-grandfather across the sea, and also to put up a job on him. At the end of a week he coughed up the cent, and then his interest in mines rapidly increased. So did our interest in him. At the end of a fortnight he was ripe. He confessed his entire ignorance about mines, but was willing to trust to our integrity. We were perfectly willing to sell him on that basis. We had lots of integrity, but not over \$15 cash capital in

the common fund. We had a hole in the ground about 12 feet deep. I know it was about 12 feet, for my back still aches as I think of the for my back still aches as I think of the last day I handled the pickaxe down there. Mr. White went out to view our hole in the ground. He seemed pleased. We lowered him down and he came up smiling. We thought he smiled because the old rope and windlass didn't give way and drop him back. We had decided to let Mr. White have that hole in the ground for \$500 in cash, and throw in the two horseshoes nailed on the water barrel for luck, but he was so green and soft and tender that we concluded to double the figure. We hadn't put it at him, however, when he paralyzed us by an offer of \$10,000 for the "Golconda." None of the four of us breathed for the next half hour. When we finally got away by ourselves we acted we finally got away by ourselves we acted like lunatics. "The day we made out the papers and

"The day we made out the papers and got our money was the longest day I ever saw or expect to see in this vain and deceitful world. We were shaking with fear that Mr. White would back out, or that it would occur to him to get the services of an expert, and when the money, which he had no difficulty in getting at a bank, was finally handed over, we could hardly realize that we were awake and had scooped in a victim. Each one of us skipped the country within 24 hours. We felt sorry for Mr. White, of course, but it was Montana sorry. There was even talk of chipping in \$50 apiece to get him back home in good shape, but no one chipped. I believe we finally agreed that the walk would ho him good. For the first 200 miles we pected to be overhauled by Mr. White and a sheriff, but if they pursued us it was by another route. Perhaps they didn't pursue.

Six months, later, I met Mr. White in

was by another route. Perhaps they didn't pursue.

Six months later I met Mr. White in Chicago. I tried to dodge him, but he was too quick for me. I was about to offer to restore the balance of his money I had on hand, when he hugged me in a brotherly manner and invited me to accompany him to a jewelry store and accept a present of a \$1,000 diamond pin. Suspecting his sanity I broke away and ran for my life, and it was a week later before I heard a dull thud. Then I read in the papers that Mr. White, the soft and gentle tenderfoot from Boston, had sold his "Golconda" mine for \$200,000 spot cash and that in four weeks the new owners had taken out almost half that sum of ore.

I beg Mr. White's pardon for not bringing up this matter before, but the fact is that I haven't even yet fully recovered from the shock. I believe him to be honest and conscientious. I don't think he is the man to take advantage of another's misfortunes. We were forced to sell the "Golconda," of course. We knew Mr. White was getting a big thing, but it turned out so rich that he can afford to be just. I think my three partners intended to beat him, but I didn't. I was the one who suggested that we sell out for \$1,000. I don't claim a one-fourth part of the sum Mr. White received, but if he were to send me \$25,000 with 30 years' interest on the same I think his appetite would be better, his slumbers less troubled, and when he came to die my pale and anxious face would not rise up as a vision to worry his came to die my pale and anxious face would not rise up as a vision to worry his

SHE CAUGHT THE TRAIN.

HE Baltimore & Ohio limited wa just beginning to move out of the station the other afternoon when a lame man with a stovepipe hat and a furious haste came skipping frantically dong over the neighboring tracks, followed by a man carrying valises, says the Chicago Times.

He had come into the station by a side en rance, and his short cut across the tracks was necessitated by his anxiety to catch the train. But when he reached the platform and could have got aboard he stopped and looked fiercely back past the gates and velled despairingly: "Addie! Come on, Addie!"

But no Addie came. And the train glided by and out toward the South.

The lame man's face was a picture that would have delighted Dore's heart. He ground his teeth and flashed his eyes. His ame foot beat a tarantella on the platform. And every few seconds he shricked "Oh. Addie!" in frantic hoarseness, When you come to think of it, it is rather annoving to just catch a train yourself and have to let it go by because your wife has missed it.

By this time the little group of people who had been seeing passengers off were taking great interest in the thing. The railway officials had signaled to hold the train, and it was coming to a stop just outside the grand arch of the station.

Then, while the lame man shricked, and the people behind the gates looked around to wonder which of them he meant when he yelled "Addie!" in that insane way, a railroad man rushed through the gates on to the platform and shouted—"Your wife's on the train!"

The lame man gasped. Then he spoke, as the highest man proteins were.

only this and nothing more— "The deuce she is!" and limped off to the train, while every one on the platform

went into convulsions.

Again, when you come to think of it,
when you have made an imbecile exhibition of yourself because you thought your

wife had missed, and made you miss, the train, and then find that she had been on hand ahead of you—I say, when you think of it, could that lame man have said anything more appropriate?

THE FACT.

His arms with strong and firm embrace Her pretty form infold.

And she has blushed her sweet consent
When he his story told.

"And you will surely keep your troth?"
said she, with doubting air:
He holds her close and quick replied,
"Yes, by you clim I swear."

A year passed by, his heart grew cold And love no longer held the helm. She swore him false, but the fact is this, It was a slippery elm.

—New York World.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire.
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire.
Dreaming of days gone by:
The tear-drop's fall on each aged check;
They both had thoughts that they could speak. As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried Three little chairs placed side by side Against the sitting room wall; Old fashioned enough as there they stood— Their seats of flag and their frames of wood, With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his slivery head, And with trembling voice he gently said: "Mother, those empty chairs! They bring us each sad, sad thoughts to-night, We'll put them forever out of sight, In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet; For I look at them and I forget That the children went away, The boys come back, and our Mary, too, With her apron on of checkered blue, And sit here every day.

Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts, And Willie his leaden bullets casts. While Mary her patchwork sews; At evening time three childish prayers Go up to God from those little chairs, So softly that no one knows.

Johnny comes back from the billowy deep.
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep
To say a good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more.
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er
And comes to rest on my knee. So, let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray.
We'll ask to meet the children above
In our Savior's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth sway."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

AS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.

O IMPROVE humanity through the medium of religious and moral teachings has ever been the effort and endeavor of the superior and more enlightened portion, and the philanthro-pist, minister and priest, has worked and hoped to arrive at some tangible result by the use of an influence acquired over the mind and conscience of those to whom immorality and crime are habitual, and who appear to lack a capacity of restraint wer those lower passions inherent to the

That these efforts, when exerted among the lower orders, in the crowded popula-tion of the civilized world, have been partially successful, does not admit of doubt, but that they have failed utterly when used for the purpose of conversion and addressed to the inhabitants of those countries where other creeds and other religions are supreme must also be admitted. It is this failure and its cause which deserves scrutiny and is of interest.

First, the idea is all wrong, that because the Christian religion in its doctrines and creeds, appears to those educated under its influence to be the best and most per-fect known to man, it should be thrust upon other nations in opposition to their own tenets and beliefs by means of uninrited missionaries, whose efforts may be eroic, but whose interference is unquesionably officious and often hurtful.

The failure of the missionary work at-empted in the East Indies, China, and in other countries, where with some few exceptions the entire population has clung to their own rites and beliefs, and has inlignantly repelled the Christian missionary as an intruder and an intermedler as he unquestionably is-has been so evident, that none can deny it. Nor have the efforts made in this country to Christianize with any better result.

For the emissaries of any religion to invade a foreign land and there attempt to subvert the deeprooted beliefs of the native population, by the mere instruction of abstract truths, is, from a common sense point of view, eminently absurd; and when treat or massacre the unfortunate ex-pounders of what, in their eyes, are dangerous and inimical doctrines, no wonder should be expressed, and nothing beyond regret experienced. To cast blame upon the inhabitants of these countries for so acting toward the missionary is irrational in the extreme. Should Turkey send to these states, or to England, emissaries, or missionaries, to propagate them to the Turks' beautiful doctrines of Mohammedanism, who can doubt with what ire and ill-treatment the devoted priests of that region would be expelled, perhaps put to death? The tragic fate of the Mormon fathers who attempted a conversion to their religion in some parts of the union corroborates this view. That a similar fate has just befallen the Christian missionaries in China was to be expected, and a recurrence of the tragedy is in-evitable, unless another method be followed by those who would Christianize

pagan nations. The one practical way to extend religious influence over foreign races, by the European, is to first locate capital in the locality where the missionary would desire to work, establish there trade relations with the outside world, build railroads, stores, banks and courts of justice and soldier quarters, and when all this has been done, finally creet the church, from which the missionary may, with some chance of a permanent success, expound his creed and depict the beneficent effects of Christianity. The practical demonstra-tion must first be made that there exists an advantage and a superiority in the religion of a more intelligent and progressive race, and that this religion accompa-nies wealth and power. Unless this can be accomplished, no impression will produced, and the few unhappy natives, who under persuasion abandon their own faith to adopt that of a stranger, will be looked upon as a renegade, and will eventually be overwhelmed by the prevailing local sentiment.

vailing local sentiment.

Isolated missionary establishments, located in hostile countries, are illogical and senseless. To be useful, they must be supported by a well-armed military force and backed by a thriving colony, whose mode of living and prosperity would urge to the belief that this superiority in the conduct of their material interests is an accompaniment to a superior religion.

The recent establishment in the Desert of Sahara of a missionary colony, by a Catholic prelate of France, a man of profound thought and practical sagacity, will doubtless attain a complete success, from the fact that it is based on a correct theory. The philanthropy of the undertaking is admirable, for one of the main purposes in view is the release from bondage of the youth of the conquered tribes now held in slavery and sold by the caravanseri in its way through the desert. The propagation of civilization and Christians. seri in its way through the desert. The propagation of civilization and Christian-

ity completes the scheme. To compass this end a noble band of missionaries have formed themselves into a strong, well-armed and well-organized tributary force. The probability of their success lies in the fact that they control a large capital, by means of which they propose to irrigate means of which they propose to irrigate certain portions of the present arid waste through a system of artesian wells and canals, and intend to locate farms and villages on the land thus reclaimed. The splendid results obtained through irrigation in the arid sections of the northwestern states of this union have been an encoursement to the subscript. western states of this union have been an encouragement to this enterprise. Engineering talent of the finest ability has been employed, and should the funds at the disposal of these missionaries be adequate for so extensive an undertaking, no apprehension need be felt for the outcome. Here, at least, is missionary work undertaken on he right basis.

A statement was recently made by an officer of the United States navy, in charge of some of the government schools, established to civilize and Christianize the frontier Indian tribes, that the only effective argument to use for their improvement and conversion was, that by acquiring knowledge and Christianity they would acquire the capacity to make money, grow rich and thus elevate themselves to a better condition. The abstract teachings of religion have proven to be ineffectual, and the missionary rules, aided by the adjuncts of self-interest, ambition or other material motives, can acquire no foothold among them.

of self-interest, ambition or other material motives, can acquire no foothold among them.

The recent massacre of the Christian missionaries in China has resulted from two causes. In truth, it was more the outcome of political strife than hatred of the foreign priest. A strong national party had been created and recruited by some ambitious leaders, claiming to be the descendants of the original rulers of the Celestial Empire, before the invasion and domination of the Tartars. This party professes to be exclusively devoted to the local interests of China, and inimical to all outsiders. With much sagacity, its leaders, who aim at personal power, erected on the overthrow of the reigning Tartar dynasty, have spread and fomented the belief that the present policy of the Chinese government—that of admitting foreigners and foreign trade and the encroachments of a foreign religion—is an injury and an insult to the people, and, as such, should be resonted.

Knowing full well the terrible efficacy of religious fanaticism as a means of arousing the popular passions against any

religious fanaticism as a means of arous ing the popular passions against any measure or any party, they have adroitly utilized the peaceful missionary establish-ments as being an effort on the part of the

ments as being an effort on the part of the government to subvert the old religion and to overthrow the old gods and the old behefs of the land. The indiscriminate killing of the Christians was the natural result, and, as stated, was more a political measure than a real animosity. The insult, and, as stated, was more a political measure than a real animosity. The insurrection in China has met with defeat, but there was much boldness and ability in the attempt to draw a strong following to the cause, through the popular religious sentiment. In all countries and in all epochs religious fanaticism has been used by political rulers as a means to an end, and has ever proven to be an effective weapon. Those who serve as tools to the ambition and greed of others who skillfully manipulate this phase of the human mind for their individual profit are all unconscious of the part they unwittingly play in the comedy of the hour, and respond with alacrity to the behests of their insidious masters. China has given to the world the proof that the old method of playing upon this sentiment still holds world the proof that the old method of playing upon this sentiment still holds good, and a political function of this state has likewise demonstrated that men can be molded here in America, through the medium of fanaticism, with equally disas-trous results. The American and the Chinaman differ in many respects, but are sadly alike on this point.

If the missionary would work for suc-cess to crown his admirable and devoted labors let him follow upon the track of the civilization adduced by commerce, trade, railroads and money. Otherwise, beyond his personal glory and martyrdom, nothing will remain after him of his heroic labors.

S. R.

THE MAN OF '92,

The bird pines in its gilded cage, Its soul is in the wildwood, And I in life's maturer age Sigh for my lost, free childhood

For O, my sister came to-day I could not tell her "No, sis; She wore my derby hat away And went to the Sorosis.

And then before I was half dressed, This incident relating. My niece put on my winter yest. Fur trimmed it, and went skating.

But "Man is man and who is more?"
Woman! For while yet talking
My daughter my new reefer wore
Out with a young man, walking.

And last of all, and worse, alack!
My wife—ah, was it kind to
Bring back. O. bring my trousers back,
And vote if you've a mind to.

—Robert J. Burdette.

OUR NATIONAL BIRD.

T HAS been proposed lately to orna ment the tip of the flagstaff used in the regular army of the United States with the representation in metal of the bald eagle which is the emblem of our republic. The staffs of regimental standards now terminate with pikes. The eagle has already done duty in this way upor the standards of other nations, and particularly upon those of Rome and France The American eagle is of a different va from the eagle of France and the Roman republic. It is of an American variety—the "bald," or white-headed eagle, The ordinary name of the bird is a misnomer. It is not bald, but simply whiteheaded, the feathers on the head and neck of adult specimens being snowy

The honor of first naming this bird as the emblem of the United States belongs to John J. Audubon, the naturalist, whose name will be forever associated with our bird life. He called the bald eagle the "Washington cagle," because, he said, Washington was brave, as the eagle is Like it, too, he was the terror of enemies, and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her great eagle." The bald eagle, with wings extended, or "displayed proper," as it is called in heraldry, was made the emblem of the United States in

the year 1785.

Benjamin Franklin did not approve the choice. The bald eagle, he declared, was a very evil-disposed bird, who would not earn an honest living, but got his livelihood by violence, deceit and rapine. He did not consider such a creature the worthy emblem of a people who had gallanth, driven out of their country. lantly driven out of their country all kingly birds of prey. Franklin's critical judgment did not prevail. It is true, as he born left-handed.—Boston Post.

declared, that the bald eagle lives chieffs by violence and theft, swooping down upon the osprey, and snatching from this industrious bird the fish that it had just take fish out of the water with great skill. The eagle is, moreover, a bird of dignity, as well as of bravery and beauty, and its strong attachment to its young certainly recommends it as an American emblem.—

Baltimore Sun.

WASHTUB ROMANCES.

PROSAIC as it looks, there is many a romance washed romance washed over and over again in a washtub. You might, for instance, drop into a North Clark street basement laundry any day in the week and you would find then, with reddened, robust arms deep in the suds, a stout woman of 40 or so. She is one of the best, most skilled and reliable laundresses in town, and in the establishment where she is employed she receives as much as \$15 per week. That has been the regular amount of her earnings for a number of years, and with it she has decently educated her children, supported her whole family, nursed a sick husband until his death and maintained her honorable independence in life. She has rosy cheeks and her dark hair shows as yet but faint streaks of gray, but her lot has been hard enough to knock out many thousands of other women not so robust of mind or body.

Her husband, whom she married against

the parental injunction, was a flourishing and lucky speculator on Wall street. In the awful panic of 1873 he went under, never to recover. Penniless, his wife scorned all aid from her family, moved out West, settled in Chicago, and has maintained herself and family ever since by working. And, strange to say, she seems to be quite happy and contented. Her eldest boy is now employed in a a printing office, while one of her daughters is married. And the other four she has still at home, bringing them up to be useful citizens.

A similar case is that of Therese Waith. who is likewise employed in a North Side laundry. She is a Bavarian from Munich, and her husband is a worthless drunkard. Being a Catholic, divorce was out of the question. So one day she fled, taking her two small children with her, with just enough means in her pocket to take her across the sea and as far as this city, where she has a brother living, who assisted her for a time. He is married now and unable to assist his sister any longer, but she doesn't need any help, either. She mickly acquired American methods of out she doesn't need any herp, either. She quickly acquired American methods of laundrying, and is earning fair wages right along, enough to support herself and two children and even to save up a snug little sum against a rainy day.

Another curious case Is that of an Amer-ican girl who has been serving as engineer in a big laundry not far from the corner of

in a big laundry not far from the corner of Wells street and Lincoln avenue. This girl began work in a laundry, and while thus employed often watched the engineer at work, now and then asking for a bit of information about "firing up," "stoking," "banking," the boiler, the gauge, etc. One day the regular contineer went on a term. "banking." the boiler, the gauge,etc. One day the regular engineer went on a tear, and his place could not be filled right off. So this girl, then about 18, offered to supply his place temporarily until another suitable person could be engaged. She did the duties of an engineer and fireman so admirably and showed such unmistakable aptitude for the work that the owner of the laundry—himself a liberal, broadminded American—told the girl she could have the job permanently at the old enhave the job permanently at the old en-

have the job permanently at the old engineer's wages of \$75 per month, if she cared to have it.

She said yes, and "manfully" stood to her post. In the evening, at her boardinghouse a few blocks away, she looked as neat and ladylike as any of them and she played her game of progressive euchre with the same zest and danced at parties with the same vim and grace as the other girls, just as if she were no monstrosity in the eyes of the world. But some envious persons—not of her own sex, in fact, the male engineers—would not let the girl male engineers—would not let the girl hold her place peaceably. They made formal complaint to the city authorities, and Miss—was hauled up and fined, the fine being stayed on her promise to take out a regular engineer's license. This she did, passing her public examination with honors, since which she has been employed in the same canacity without let or ployed in the same capacity without let or hindrance, and has become a member of the regular engineers' trade organization, paying her way like a little man.—Chicago Herald.

TEMPEST IN A TEA POT.

The arrogant and austere London Times

How a New York State Boy Alarmed the "Thunderer." From the Brooklyn Eagle,

will certainly not be pleased with the information that the "Captain Frank Scotte, Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania rifles," who so deeply disturbed its placidity, was only a boy of 15 years, a resident of Dunkirk, N. Y. The overplus of its bombastic thunder was unloaded on the head of this fun-loying youth, and incidentally on what it deems to be American pretensions. While the newspapers of the United States and some in Canada enjoyed the spectacle of this furious rage on the part of our London contemporary, the publications in Great Britain were awed by the solemnity aroused by its frothy comments. The contrast was full of humor to those observant persons on this side of the Atlantic who took interest in the developments. The ponderous mental machinery of the Times labored and brought forth what was an elephant in the United Kingdom, but a gnat in the United States. In fact, at one time, from the Thunderer's standpoint, it appeared that the incident would reach the dignity of a subject for international correspondence; but, happily, it was overshadowed by the Behring sea negotiations and other matters of graver importance. So, in the minds of our anxious cousins, there was a postponement of a complication which might involve the secretary of state and the secretary of war.

She Became Lef -Handed.

Three years ago a young lady of Fall River, Mass., was hit on the left side of her head by a falling sign as she was walking along a street in Boston. This was followed by brain fever. After some weeks she was as well in mind and body as ever, but from a right-handed person she had become so left-handed that she could neither cut, sew nor write with the right hand, but found it easy to do all these things with her left. Her right hand was about as useful as her left had been just before she was hurt. What is strange is that with so recent a change in the use of her hands, she never makes